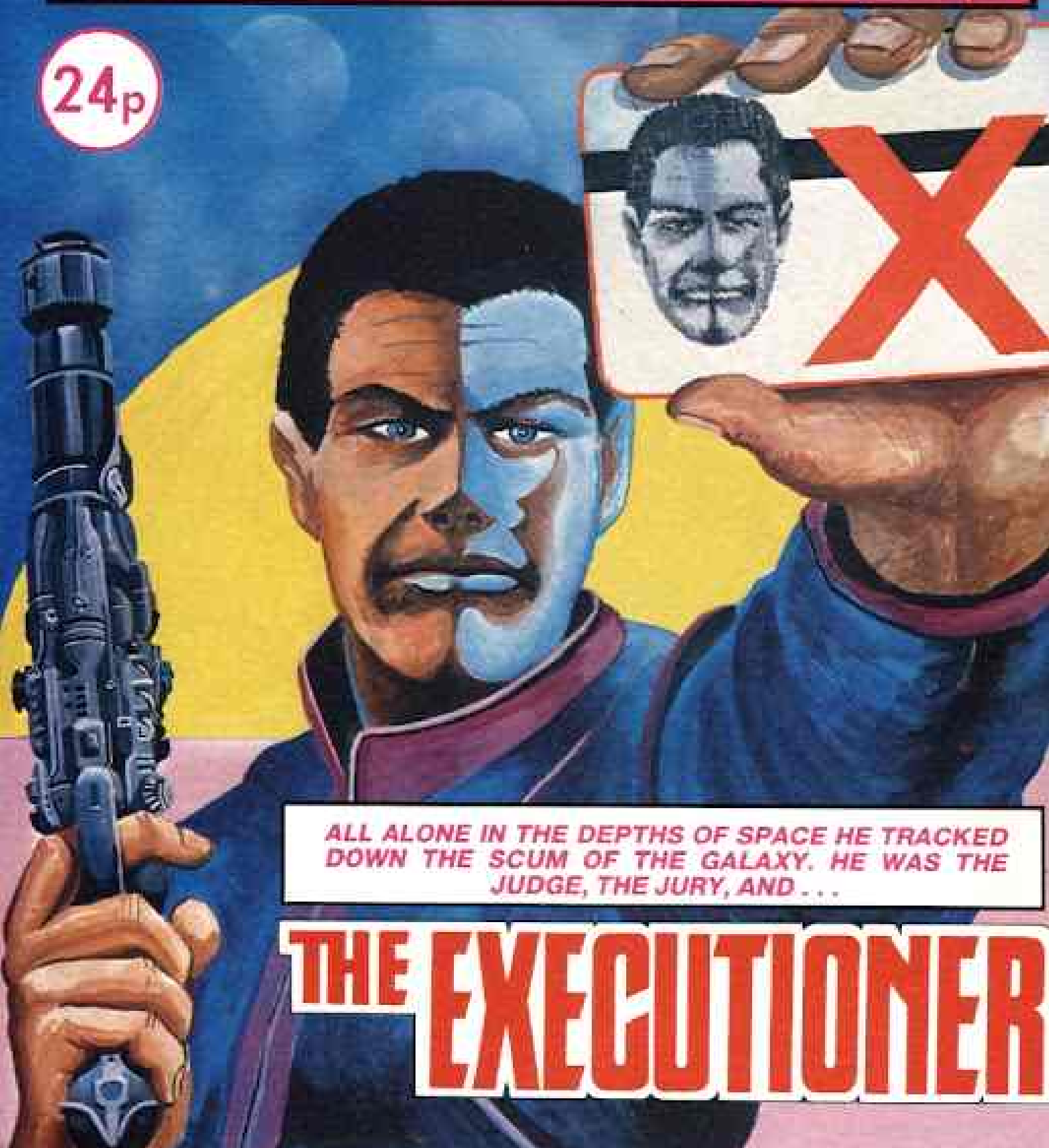


STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 165

24p



ALL ALONE IN THE DEPTHS OF SPACE HE TRACKED
DOWN THE SCUM OF THE GALAXY. HE WAS THE
JUDGE, THE JURY, AND ...

THE EXECUTIONER

STARBLAZER

ON JANUARY 1ST, 2000, THE SECURITY COUNCIL OF THE UNITED NATIONS DECLARED THAT THERE WAS NO OTHER FORM OF LIFE WITHIN THE SOLAR SYSTEM. SO BEGAN THE MAD RACE FOR PROSPECTING RIGHTS. MANY FORTUNES WERE MADE . . . AND LOST IN THE GREAT TREK OF 2049. MANY MOONS, IO AND GANYMEDE OF JUPITER, ALL THE WAY TO NEPTUNE'S TRITON WERE OPENED UP TO THE RESTLESS PROSPECTOR. LAW WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO MAINTAIN UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS . . . SO A NEW TYPE OF LAWMAN HAD TO BE CREATED. THEY WERE TOUGH, RESOURCEFUL, HONEST AND ALL, ALL ALONE. THEY WERE THE LAW, AND EVERYBODY FEARED . . .

THE EXECUTIONER



MAY 1ST 2054, THREE MONTHS AFTER LEAVING EARTH, AND ONE DAY, ONE HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES LATE, THE INTER-MOON 125 SHUTTLE LURCHED ONTO THE PAD AT TITAN CENTRAL, LARGEST OF SATURN'S MOONS.

TIRED PASSENGERS MILLED ABOUT EXERCISING WEARY LIMBS,
WHILE OTHERS TRIED TO FIND THE EXIT.



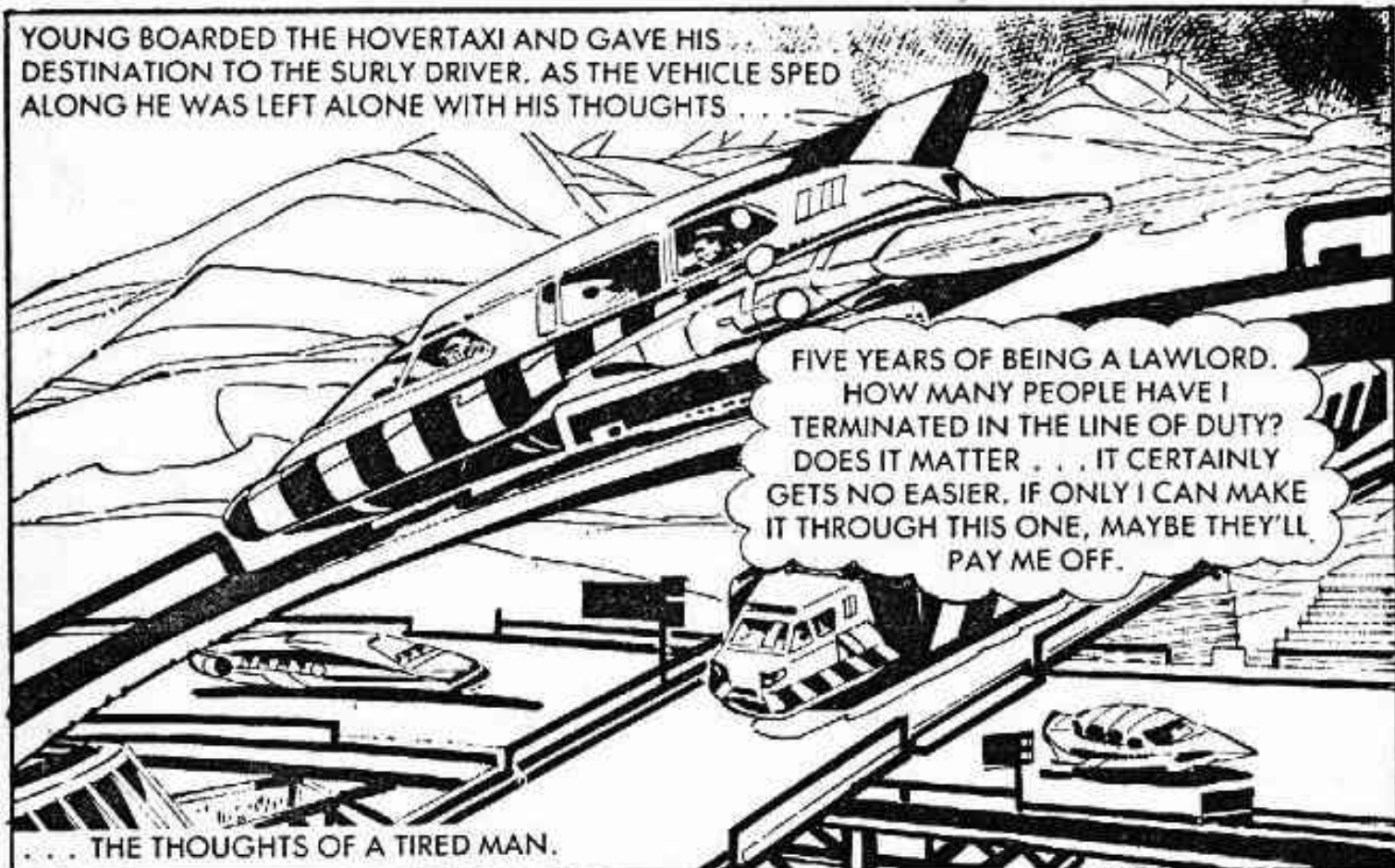
ALL PASSENGERS FOR THE PHOEBE
INTERPLANETARY SHUTTLE REPORT TO GATE 7 AT
ONCE . . . WOULD PASSENGER HALE CARRECK
REPORT TO SECURITY . . .

JOSTLED AND PUSHED, PASSENGER JOHN YOUNG
FOUND HIMSELF AT THE EXIT. HE FELT RELIEF AS THE
ENCLOSING CLAUSTROPHOBIA OF THE TERMINAL
CROWDS EASED—

TAXI!!



YOUNG BOARDED THE HOVERTAXI AND GAVE HIS DESTINATION TO THE SURLY DRIVER. AS THE VEHICLE SPED ALONG HE WAS LEFT ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS . . .



FIVE YEARS OF BEING A LAWLORD. HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE I TERMINATED IN THE LINE OF DUTY? DOES IT MATTER . . . IT CERTAINLY GETS NO EASIER. IF ONLY I CAN MAKE IT THROUGH THIS ONE, MAYBE THEY'LL PAY ME OFF.

. . . THE THOUGHTS OF A TIRED MAN.

EVENTUALLY THE HOVERTAXI STOPPED IN A BROKEN-DOWN SUBURB.



HERE'S AS FAR AS YOU GO, OFFLANDER. YOU MUST BE CRAZY TO ACTUALLY WANT TO GO IN THERE.

MAYBE I AM CRAZY!!

HERE GOES! GOT TO START SOMEWHERE!



A SLIGHT GROUND TURBULENCE DISLODGED A DISCARDED CAN, WHICH CLANGED LOUDLY.

WHO . . . WHAT?



JARK! SCARED OF A TIN! MY NERVES ARE SHOT . . . I'M WASHED UP!



HE FELT THE BLOOD RUSHING IN HIS EARS AND THE SWEAT IN THE SMALL OF HIS BACK AS HE WALKED TOWARDS THE LIGHTS. IN THE NEARBY DARKNESS AN ANIMAL SNIFFED. IT SMELLED THE SCENT OF FEAR . . . HIS FEAR.

MUST GET SOMEWHERE TO STAY!



HOTELS WERE PLENTIFUL AND ONCE THERE, YOUNG'S FEAR BEGAN TO SUBSIDE—

YOU'RE LOGGED, MR . . . YOUNG.
A THOUSAND CRED, IN ADVANCE!

I'VE NO READYCREDS! I'LL TRANSFER
THE WHOLE AMOUNG TOMORROW!

OH, YEA! DO YOU THINK I WAS
BORN YESTERDAY . . . NO CRED,
NO ROOM — UNDERSTAND?

I . . . I . . . HAVE A
CREDIT AUTHORISATION . . .

HERE IT IS . . .

BUT IN TRYING TO PRODUCE HIS CREDIT AUTHORISATION HE DISLODGED HIS BLASTER.



LAWLORD JOHN YOUNG WAITED SILENTLY WHILE THE LOCAL PATROLMAN RELUCTANTLY ANSWERED THE CALL. BY THE TIME PATROLMAN JERD O'MURPHY ARRIVED HE WAS IN A BAD, BAD MOOD. NOBODY LIKES BEING DISTURBED ON A COLD NIGHT, ESPECIALLY FOR AN OFFWORLDER.

WELL . . . WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

THE OFFWORLDER BOZO HAS A BLASTER!





O'MURPHY SAVAGELY STABBED HIS
ELECTROSTIK INTO YOUNG'S STOMACH.



A LAWLORD — A LEGALISED EXECUTIONER.

A black and white comic book illustration. In the center, a man in a suit and hat (Blaster) is being confronted by a group of men in suits and hats. One man in the foreground, wearing a suit and hat, is holding a gun and pointing it at Blaster. A speech bubble from this man says "BLASTER!". Another speech bubble from the man in the foreground says "WHO YOU LOOKING FOR?". The background shows a car and a building.

WHO YOU
LOOKING FOR?



BY THE TIME THE INTERESTED ONLOOKER HAD DISAPPEARED INTO THE BACKSTREETS OF TITAN CENTRAL, LAWLORD JOHN YOUNG WAS SAFE IN HIS ROOM. SAFE!! FEAR OOZED FROM EVERY PORE AS HE STRUGGLED TO CONTROL HIS STRAINED NERVES—



HADES! THIS JOB IS GOING TO BE MY LAST — ONE WAY OR THE OTHER. I HAVE TO PACK THIS UP.

BUT EVEN YOUNG'S FRAYED NERVES SETTLED SLIGHTLY WHEN THE ALARM SOUNDED ON THE TIMELOCK OF HIS SEALED ORDERS. YEARS OF TRAINING TOOK OVER AS HE PREPARED TO RECEIVE THE DETAILS OF HIS TASK.

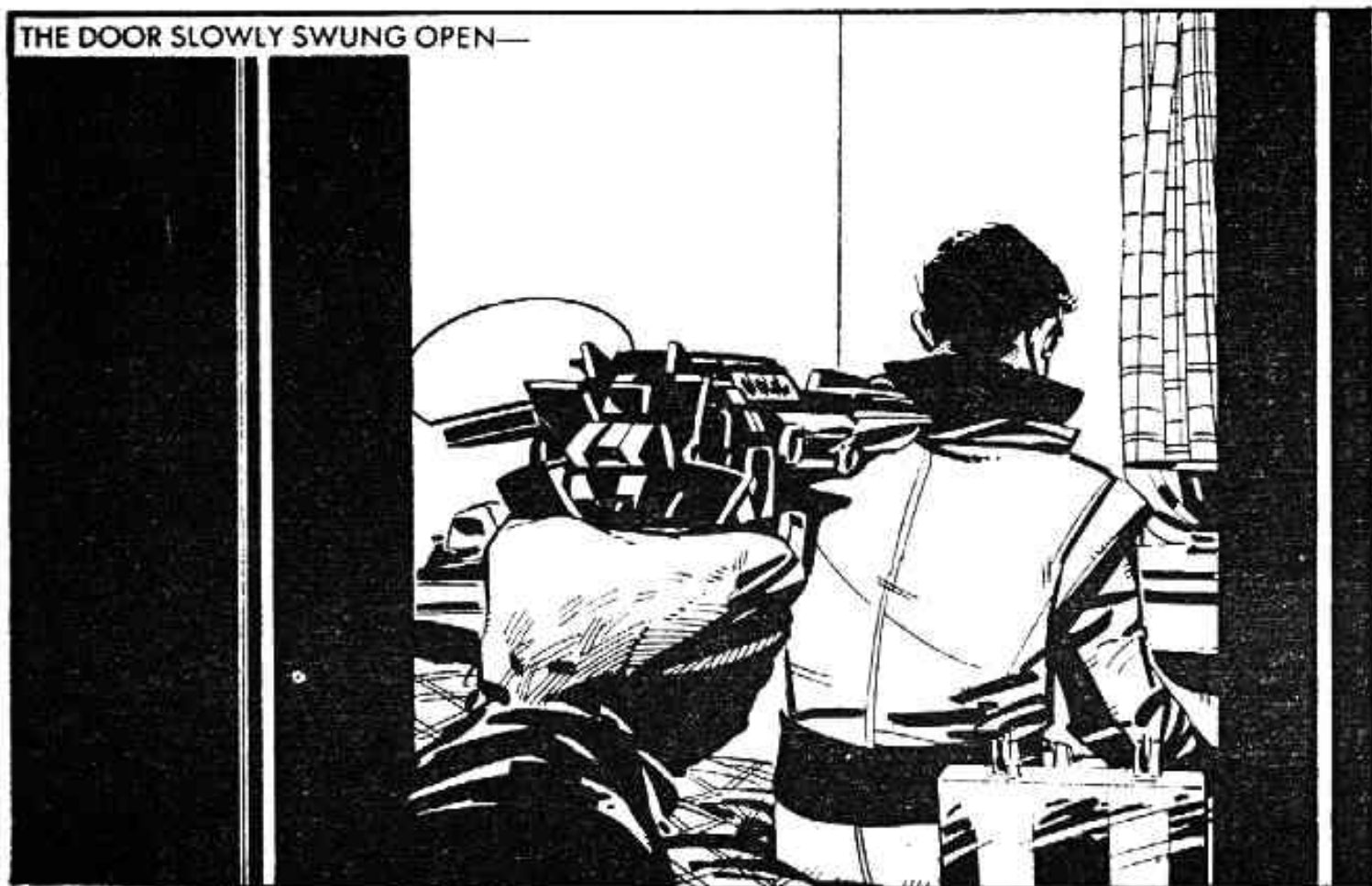
HERE I AM, MEANT TO BE IN SECRET, WAITING TO FIND OUT WHO I HAVE TO TERMINATE, WHILE HALF THE PLANET ALREADY KNOWS WHO I AM, AND WHERE I AM!







THE DOOR SLOWLY SWUNG OPEN—



SOME SIXTH SENSE, PANIC, FEAR OR SELF-PRESERVATION TOLD YOUNG THAT HE WAS IN DANGER . . .



SCARED THOUGH HE WAS, HIS REACTIONS WERE QUICK



AAARGH!







MAY 2ND, 2054. JOHN YOUNG DIDN'T SLEEP. THINKING KEPT HIM AWAKE, SO IT WAS EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN HE ARRIVED AT PATROLMAN O'MURPHY'S OFFICE—








MAJOR TO YOU, PUNK!



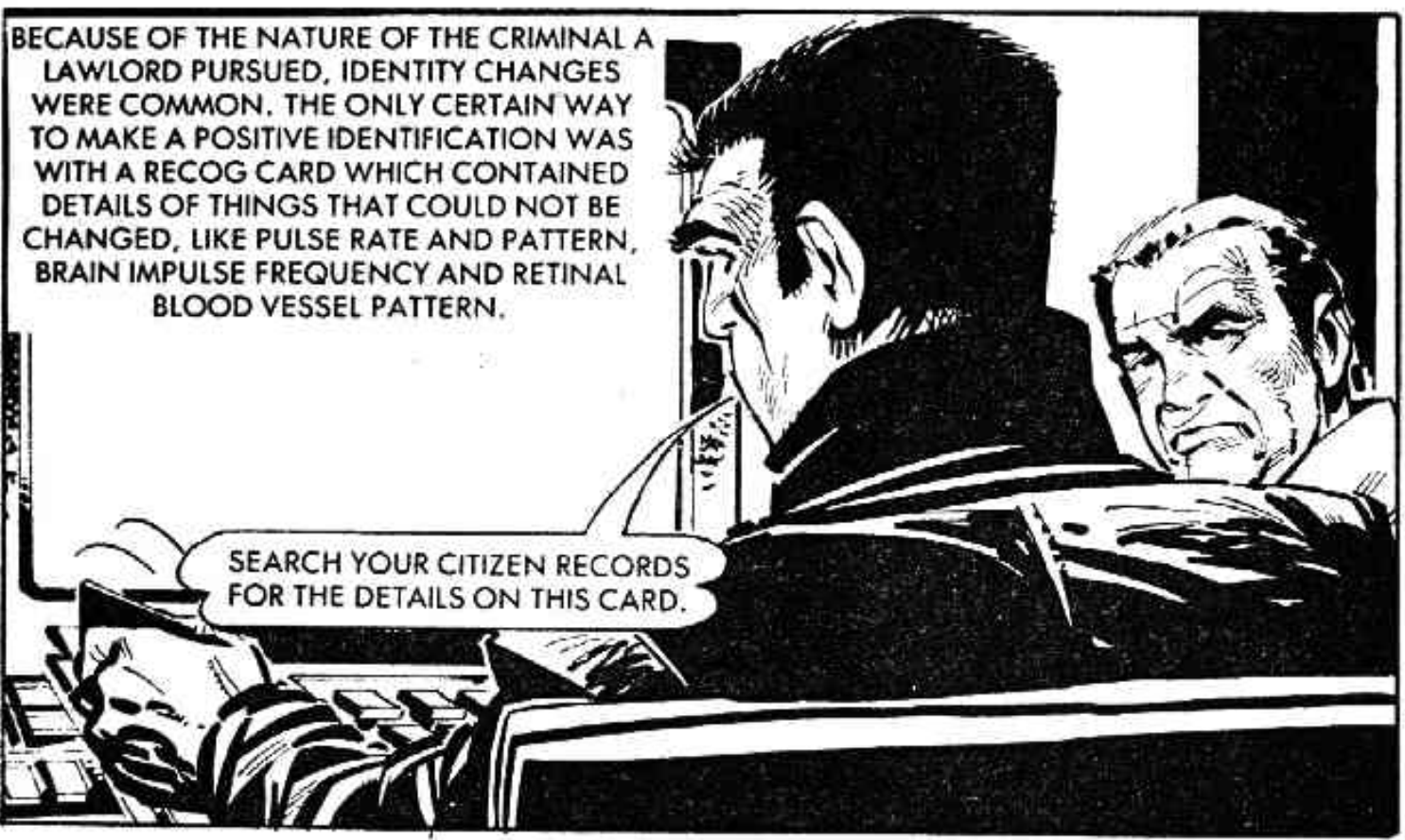
DRAW IT! GO ON, PUNK, MAKE MY DAY!

I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU THE PLEASURE!



RIGHT, MR PATROLMAN, LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT. IT WAS YOU WHO BLEW MY COVER, YOU WHO CAUSED THE ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE — MY JOB IS BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT DEAD-BEATS LIKE YOU MAKING IT WORSE. NOW GET WORKING ON THAT MACHINE — I WANT ALL THE DETAILS YOU HAVE ON ALISK TENBY . . . I'VE GOT HIS RECOG CARD.

BECAUSE OF THE NATURE OF THE CRIMINAL A LAWLORD PURSUED, IDENTITY CHANGES WERE COMMON. THE ONLY CERTAIN WAY TO MAKE A POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION WAS WITH A RECOG CARD WHICH CONTAINED DETAILS OF THINGS THAT COULD NOT BE CHANGED, LIKE PULSE RATE AND PATTERN, BRAIN IMPULSE FREQUENCY AND RETINAL BLOOD VESSEL PATTERN.



SEARCH YOUR CITIZEN RECORDS FOR THE DETAILS ON THIS CARD.



AS YOUNG LEFT —

GIVE ME 1077 TITAN
HEIGHTS . . . QUICKLY!

YOUNG TOOK A HOVTAXI TO THE LAST
KNOWN ADDRESS OF ALISK TENBY — 1077
TITAN HEIGHTS.

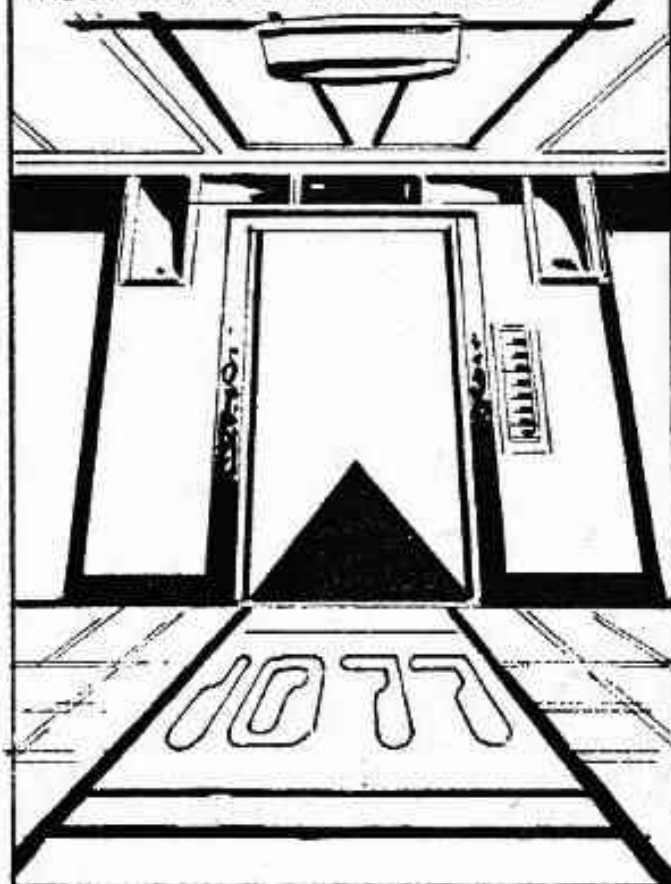
VERY NICE, MR TENBY.
ALL BOUGHT WITH BLOOD.

NOT EXPECTING TENBY TO BE THERE, YOUNG, NEVERTHELESS, PREPARED HIMSELF.

1075. I THINK!



THE LIFT REACHED TENBY'S FLOOR —




AND AS THE LIFT DOORS OPENED —

FIRE!

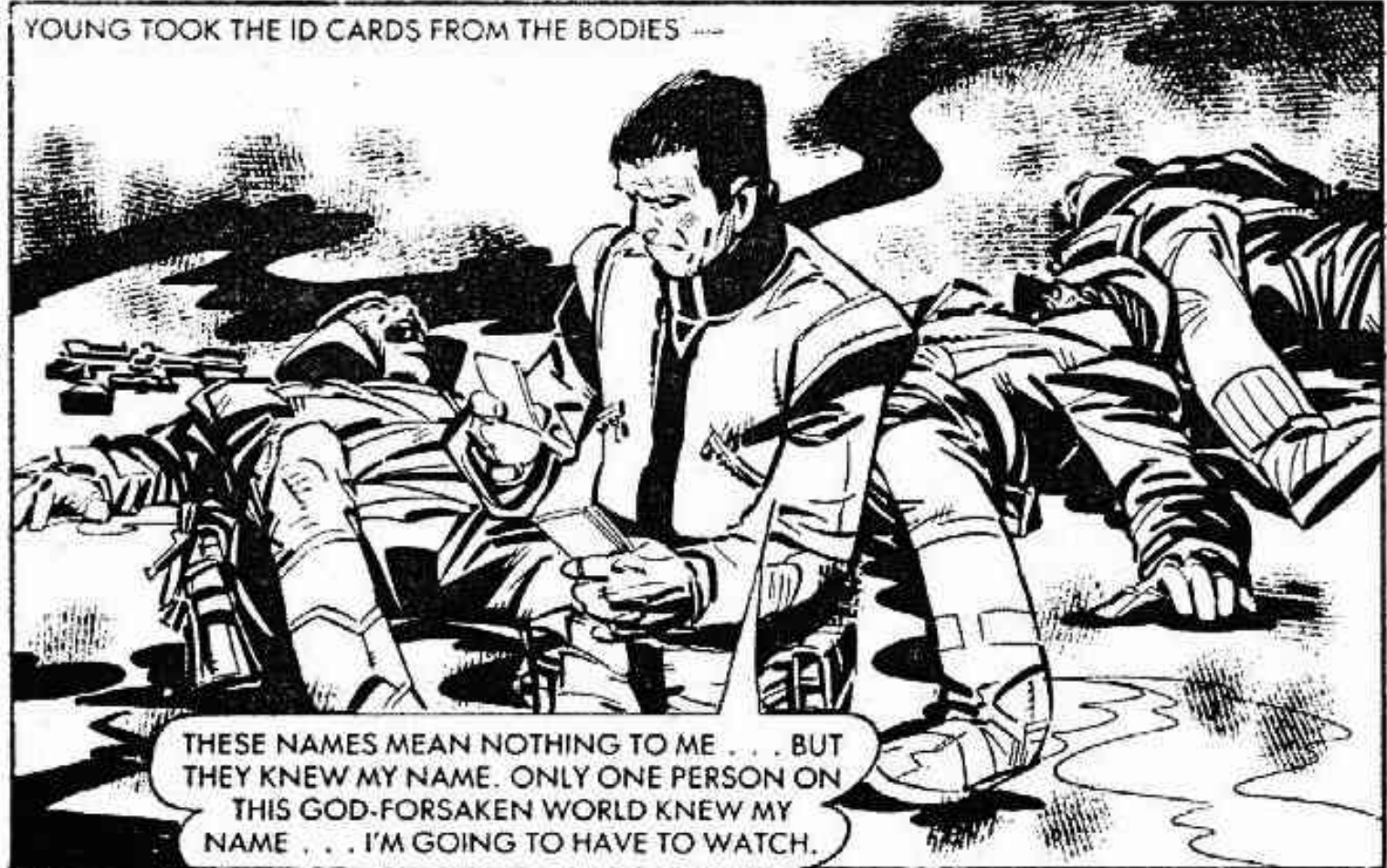






A FOOLISH THING
TO DO!

YOUNG TOOK THE ID CARDS FROM THE BODIES



THESE NAMES MEAN NOTHING TO ME . . . BUT
THEY KNEW MY NAME. ONLY ONE PERSON ON
THIS GOD-FORSAKEN WORLD KNEW MY
NAME . . . I'M GOING TO HAVE TO WATCH.

YOUNG DESCENDED TO THE PLAZA —



YOUNG SPOTTED A REFLECTION IN THE HOVTAXI WINDOW —



YOUNG'S EVER ALERT SIXTH SENSE, HEIGHTENED BY FEAR, CAUSED HIM TO REACT TO THE THREAT OF DEATH AS A SHOT RANG OUT.



SOMEBODY'S HAVING
ANOTHER GO AT ME!

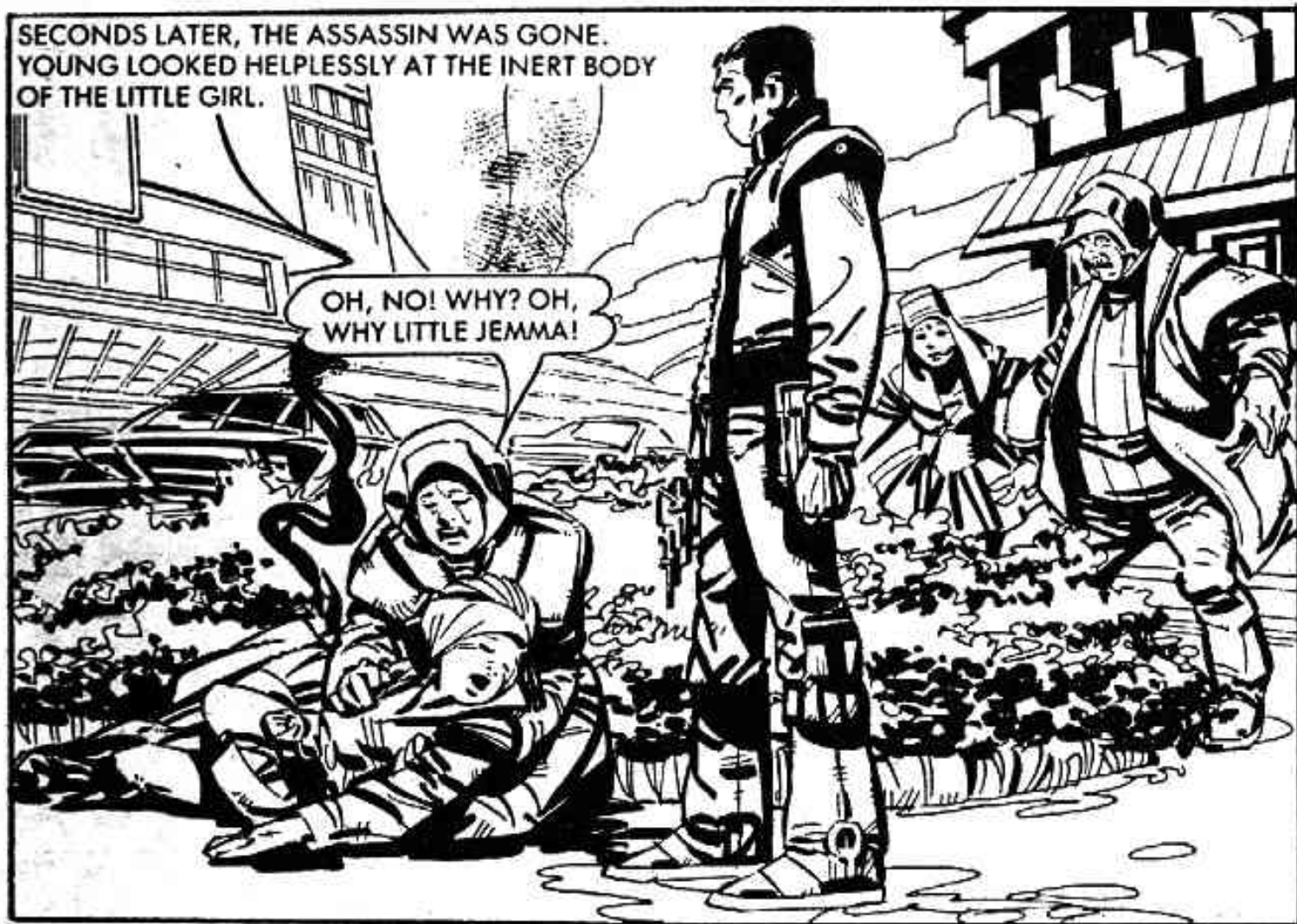
THE ASSASSIN FIRED BLINDLY —



— AND STRUCK AN INNOCENT PASSER-BY.

SECONDS LATER, THE ASSASSIN WAS GONE. YOUNG LOOKED HELPLESSLY AT THE INERT BODY OF THE LITTLE GIRL.

OH, NO! WHY? OH, WHY LITTLE JEMMA!



RIGHT, MR TENBY AND FRIENDS — YOU ARE ALL GOING STRAIGHT TO HELL. I MAY BE WASHED UP, BUT I'M GOING TO KILL YOU ALL.



IT WAS YOU WHO CAUSED THIS! YOU SCUM! KILLER! WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?



ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE HOTEL IN THE HOVTAXI YOUNG WENT OVER RECENT EVENTS STEP BY STEP, AND ONCE HE'D MADE DEDUCTIONS, TRANSMITTED HIS REPORTS BACK TO JUSTICE CENTRAL ON EARTH —



NOW THAT I'VE PUT JUSTICE CENTRAL IN THE PICTURE, THEY'LL SEND BACK-UP. THAT'LL TAKE A MONTH. MEANWHILE I'VE GOT TO KEEP ALIVE UNTIL THEY ARRIVE. AND THE BEST WAY TO DO THAT IS TO FIND A PLACE WHERE I HOLD THE UPPER HAND.

USING THE HOTEL'S REGISTER OF PROPERTY, YOUNG PICKED AN ISOLATED FARM FOR HIS "CASTLE" —



IN O'MURPHY'S OFFICE —



TWICE TODAY SOMEBODY HAS TRIED TO VAPE ME. THE LAST TIME A KID WAS KILLED — WHOEVER DID THAT IS SICK, AND I'M GOING TO CREAM HIM. IF YOU WANT TO GET IN TOUCH, I'LL BE AT THIS ADDRESS.

YOUNG WAS SOON DRIVING TO THE TEMPORARY HOME —



THIS'LL DO JUST FINE!

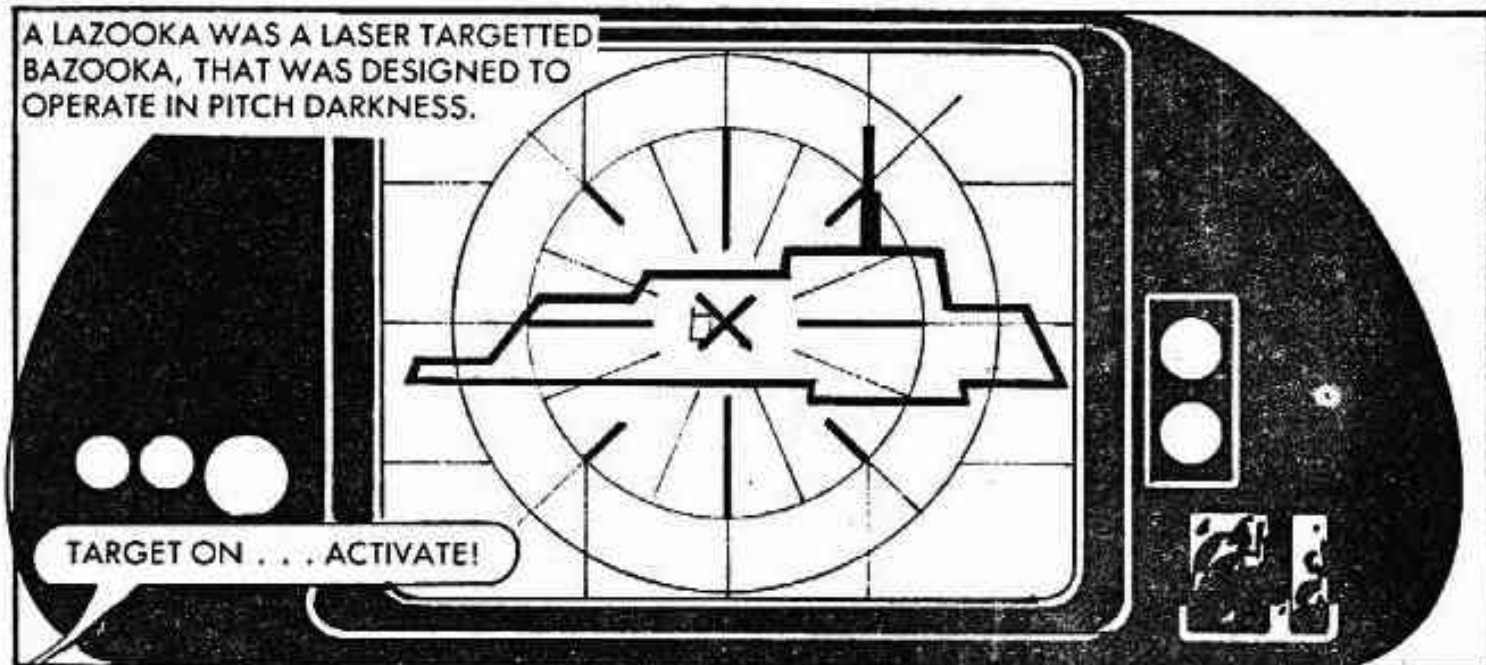
NIGHT FELL AND WITH THE DARKNESS CAME VISITORS.



WE'LL FIRE FROM HERE! ANY CLOSER AND HE'LL SPOT US.

OKE! I'VE SET UP THIS LAZOOKA WITH AN INCENDIARY!

A LAZOOKA WAS A LASER TARGETTED
BAZOOKA, THAT WAS DESIGNED TO
OPERATE IN PITCH DARKNESS.



THE MISSILE TORE INTO ITS TARGET —



HE COULDN'T HAVE
SURVIVED THAT!



BUT YOUNG WAS NOT DEAD, IN FACT HE WASN'T EVEN
IN THE BUILDING —



PROBABLY NOT! THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T
HIDE THERE!





DISTRACTED BY THE DISAGREEMENT, YOUNG FAILED TO NOTICE THE KILLER'S CONCEALED LASER.



AS HE SLIPPED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS, YOUNG'S MIND CONCENTRATED LONG ENOUGH TO ALLOW HIM TO FIRE TWICE.





HE'LL TELL ME NOTHING! OH,
JUPE — IS THIS HOW IT ALL ENDS!

YOUNG, HIT IN THE STOMACH AND BLEEDING
BADLY, LAPSED INTO THE BLACKNESS OF
UNCONSCIOUSNESS .



BUT THE BITTER COLD OF TITAN'S NIGHTS HAD SLOWED AND STOPPED YOUNG'S BLEEDING. THE PENETRATING COLD HAD SET OFF THE BODY'S OWN HEATING SYSTEM — SHIVERING — WHICH HAD ROUSED HIM FROM THE EDGE OF OBLIVION.



WHERE . . . WH . . .
PAIN . . . MEDPAK!

SLOWLY, AGONISINGLY HE CRAWLED TO HIS ONLY HOPE OF SURVIVAL, HIS LAWLORD'S MEDPAK—



THAT APPEARS TO HAVE STOPPED THE BLEEDING. A COUPLE OF VITS SHOULD GET ME BACK ON MY FEET BY SUNRISE.

YOUNG CONTEMPLATED HIS POSITION, AND WHEN DAWN CAME ON MAY 3RD, 2054—




WELL, THAT PLAN FAILED! SOMEBODY KNEW WHERE I WAS AND TOLD TENBY. HE SENT THOSE TWO TO KILL ME. THERE IS ANOTHER POSSIBILITY, BUT IT IS UNTHINKABLE. IF I'M NOT SAFE DEFENDING, THEN ATTACK IT HAS TO BE.

YOUNG KNEW THAT HE HAD NO CHANCE OF FINDING TENBY BEFORE TENBY KILLED HIM. HIS ONLY HOPE WAS TO FORCE THE MASS KILLER INTO THE OPEN — AND THE BEST PLACE TO START WAS AT HIS HOTEL.

HERE GOES!



THERE'S A BAD SMELL ABOUT HERE . . .



I AGREE . . . AND IT IS THE SMELL OF IGNORANCE — YOUR IGNORANCE.





A CONCEALED BLASTER
CLATTERED TO
THE GROUND.

GO FOR IT!
GO ON, PUNK—
MAKE MY DAY!




THE PUNK MADE YOUNG'S DAY—

OH! HOW CLUMSY OF ME!




43
ONCE IN HIS ROOM, YOUNG BEGAN TO TIGHTEN THE NOOSE ON TENBY.

O'MURPHY . . . GET YOUR LAZY
BODY OVER HERE. ROOM 114.



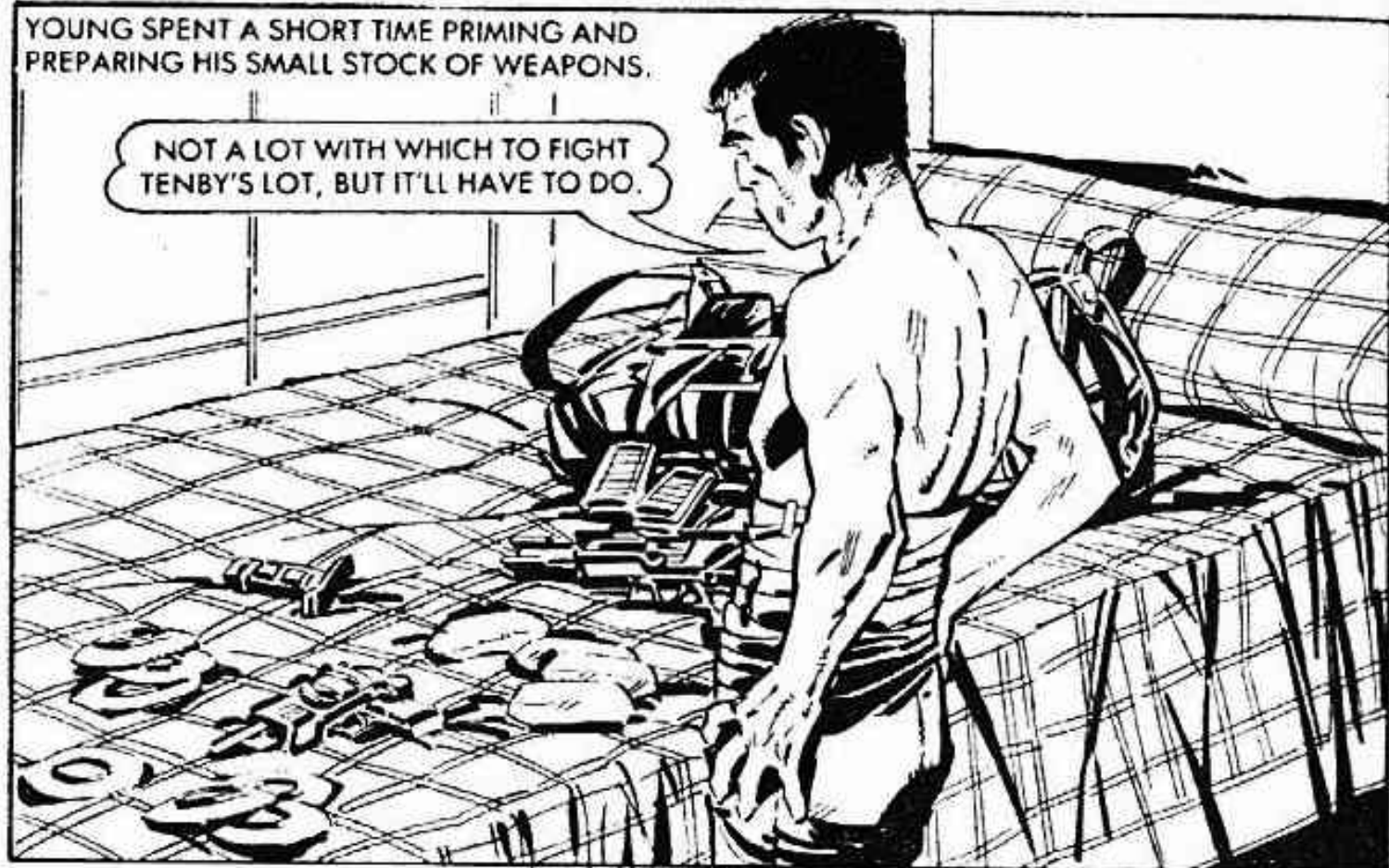
STILL BLEEDING A BIT! THE
CHANCES ARE TENBY AND HIS
THUGS WILL KILL ME BEFORE THIS
DOES.



YOUNG KNEW THAT ON A COMPARATIVELY POOR WORLD LIKE TITAN, TOP CLASS ASSASSINS
WOULDN'T BE AVAILABLE. TENBY HAD SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH BRUTAL, BUT EASILY-
OUTWITTED HENCHMEN. IF TENBY WANTED YOUNG OUT OF THE WAY, HE HAD TO DO IT
HIMSELF.

YOUNG SPENT A SHORT TIME PRIMING AND PREPARING HIS SMALL STOCK OF WEAPONS.

NOT A LOT WITH WHICH TO FIGHT TENBY'S LOT, BUT IT'LL HAVE TO DO.



THIS REFLECTOMETAL CURTAIN MIGHT JUST KEEP ME IN ONE PIECE.



HE WRAPPED THE METALLIC MATERIAL ROUND HIS BODY IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ARMOUR HIMSELF FOR THE FORTHCOMING SHOWDOWN.

YOUNG . . . IT'S ME! LET ME IN!

COMING, O'MURPHY!



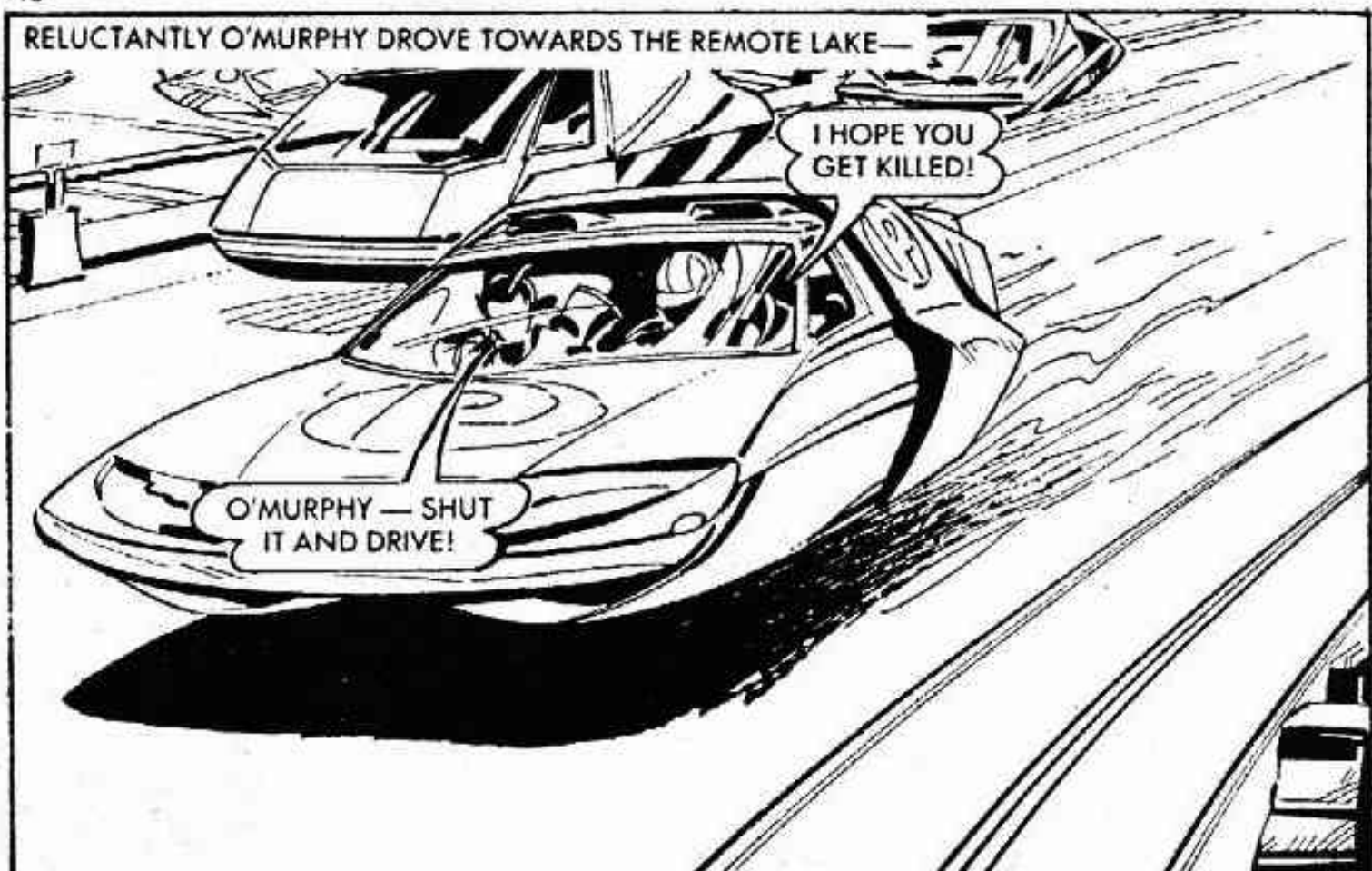
VERY SOON I EXPECT A CALL FROM TENBY — HE'LL WANT TO PULL ME INTO THE OPEN SO THAT HE PERSONALLY CAN KILL ME. YOU ARE GOING TO COVER ME.



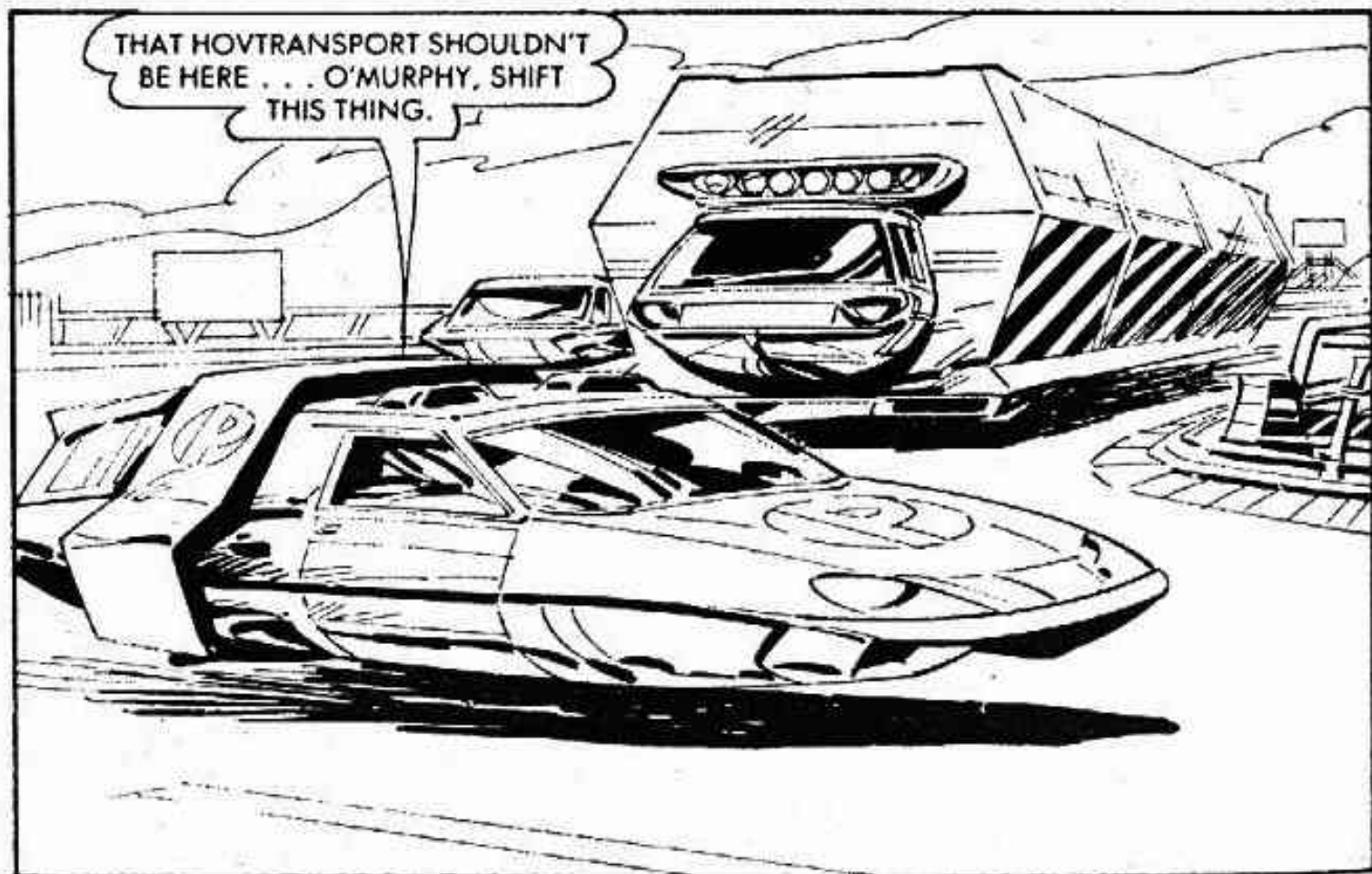


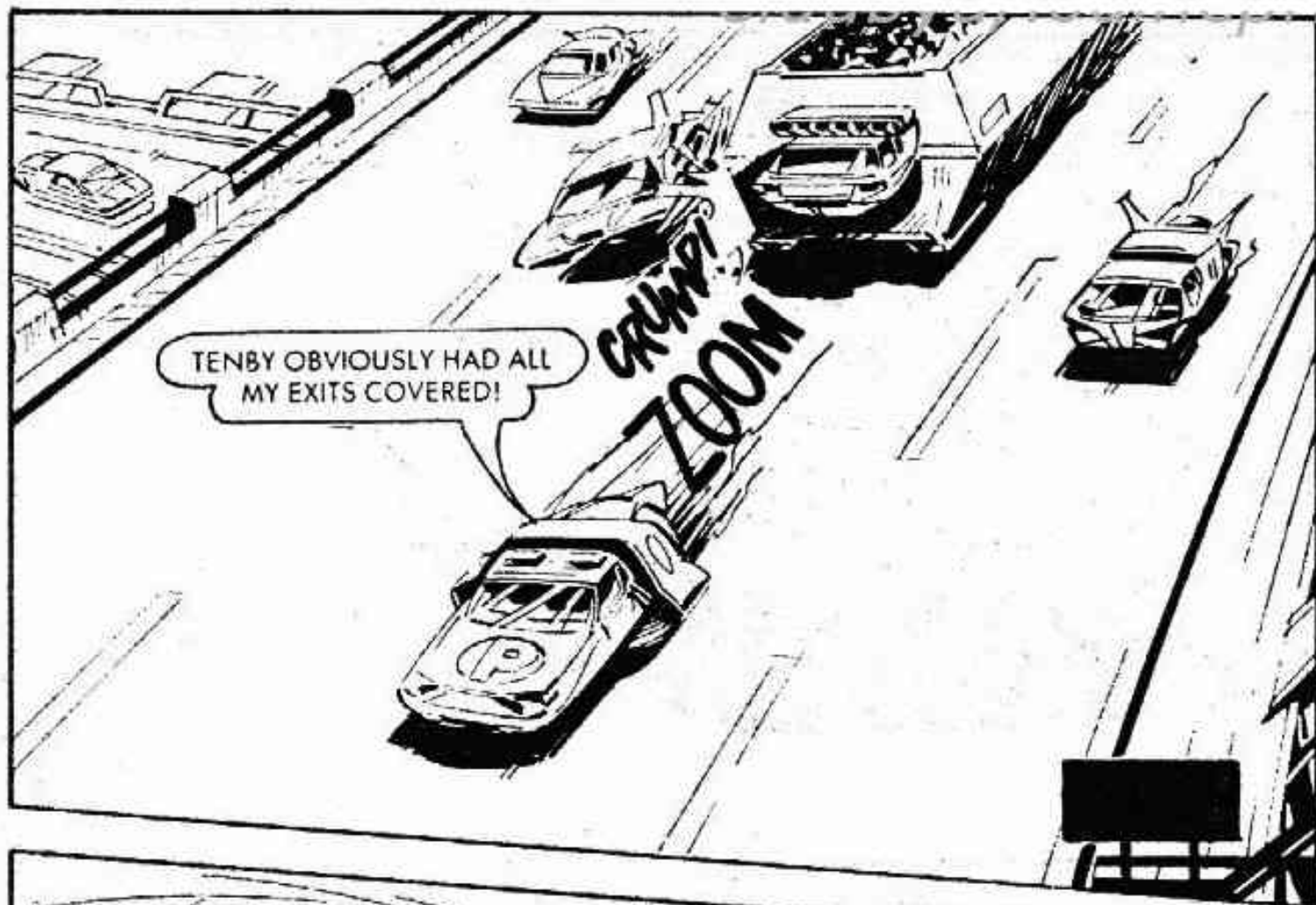


RELUCTANTLY O'MURPHY DROVE TOWARDS THE REMOTE LAKE—

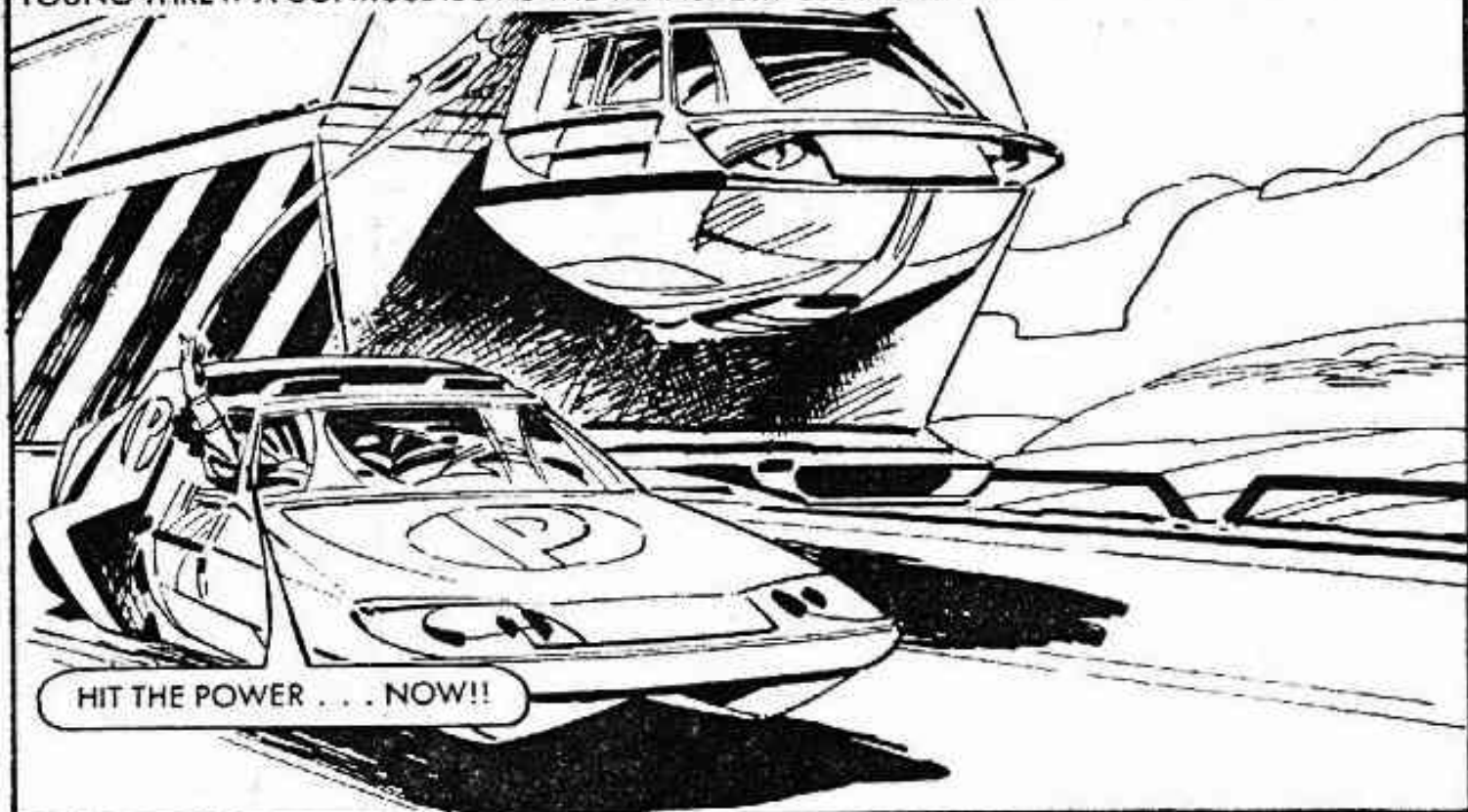


THAT HOVTRANSPORT SHOULDN'T
BE HERE . . . O'MURPHY, SHIFT
THIS THING.





YOUNG THREW A KONKUSDISC AS THE TRANSPORT CLOSED IN—



YOUNG'S KONKUSDISC EXPLODED AND CAUSED THE RAISED ROADSURFACE TO CRACK AND WEAKEN . . .



... CAUSING THE HEAVY TRANSPORT TO PLOUGH THROUGH THE ROAD.



BY THE TIME O'MURPHY STOPPED HIS VEHICLE, THE TRANSPORT WAS A BURNT OUT HULK.



THE WATER OF TITAN WAS THE ONLY WATER TO LIE ON TITAN, BUT BEING EXPOSED TO SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURES IT REMAINED FROZEN FOR MOST OF THE DAY—



WHAT A PLACE! WHY DID YOU PICK HERE?

TENBY CAN'T HIDE ANYBODY, OR USE ANYBODY ELSE . . . AT LEAST, NOT THAT I CAN'T SEE. IF HE BRINGS AN ARMY, I SPLIT.

TENBY'S LIMOUSINE DREW UP.

GO AND TELL HIM TO MEET ME AT THE
LARGE OUTCROP!

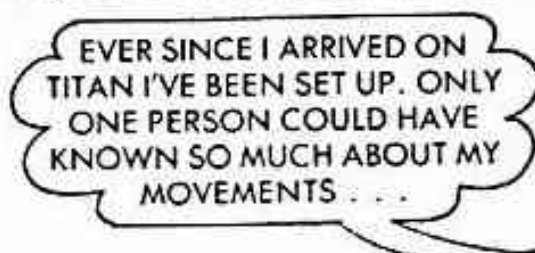



THE OPPONENTS HEADED FOR A FINAL SHOWDOWN—













I AM TENBY! THAT PERSON YOU
KILLED WAS ONE OF MY MEN
BRAINWASHED TO BELIEVE HE WAS.
THE SAFEST PLACE TO AVOID THE
LAW WAS TO JOIN IT. IT AMUSED ME
TO WATCH YOU LOOKING FOR
SOMEBODY THAT DIDN'T EXIST. THE
ALIAS WAS JUST A BLIND. THE
COMPUTER WAS PROGRAMMED TO
WARN ME IF ANYBODY USED MY
RECOG CARD — AUTOMATICALLY MY
MEN SET AN AMBUSH.

SO THAT COMMLINK CALL WAS A
RECORDING — I'M GOING TO KILL
YOU!



WRONG! I'M GOING
TO KILL YOU!





WELL, I THINK MY "CURTAIN" WORKED.
WHERE'S THE PLASTIQUE?

YOUNG'S PROTECTIVE "CURTAIN" HAD SAVED HIM FROM DEATH, BUT NOT INJURY.

THE FOUR THUGS WERE STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A DISC . . .



EH . . . WHAT'S THAT?

CHINK!



YOUNG TOOK TENBY'S HOVLIMO INTO THE CITY, AND THEN SOUGHT OUT HIS TARGET —



WITH THE LAST OF HIS ENERGY, YOUNG PREPARED TO ELIMINATE TENBY —





TENBY GRABBED A MOTHER AND CHILD—



I'LL COUNT TO THREE . . . IF YOU
HAVEN'T RELEASED THEM BY THEN,
I'LL KILL YOU!





THE LASKNIFE HIT TENBY—



JOHN YOUNG, LAWLORD, HEADED FOR ANOTHER FLIGHT, ANOTHER MISSION, ANOTHER NIGHTMARE, KNOWING THAT DESPITE HIS FRAYED NERVES HE HAD TO STAY IN THE SERVICE TO DEAL WITH SCUM LIKE TENBY.



eldubya/iodinepriest

DON'T FORGET THIS MONTH'S *OTHER*

STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 164

24p

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Cuban Air Force Colonel Arnaldo Tamayo Mendez, 38, flew Soyuz 38 courtesy of the Soviet Union on September 18, 1980 in a mission lasting 7 days 20hr 43 mins.

CUBA